



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS



**THE CYMBAL IS
CONSIDERING A
FEW SUITS FOR
SLANDER**

THE CYMBAL is seriously considering filing a few suits for slander. Our decision has been prompted by reports that a few others are considering suing us for libel. The two things are one and the same, except that slander is spoken libel and libel is printed slander, if you can figure that one out.

What we object to strenuously, if a little amusedly, is the basis for these reported suits for libel. For instance, they go like this: An item is taken from THE CYMBAL and put under a microscope, a microscope tintured a bit by malice aforethought, or foresight. It isn't the lines of the item that are studied, but the white space between the lines. What, the microscope is asked, do you find there? The super-induced microscope finds plenty, plenty that isn't there at all.

Next, an attorney is sought. Without a microscope he sees nothing between the lines. So he is assisted in this wise: "Take this and add it to this and you get this," he is told. "But where do you get this to add to this?" he asks naively. There is no answer to that.

In other words, THE CYMBAL is given a deal more credit than it deserves. We are not so clever as we are complained about. We don't, in fact, want to be that clever. We want to say what we mean in the lines of type, not in between the lines of type.

And we object to being considered clever in this wise—clever to us, but scandalous to others. We object, in other words, to being branded scandalous in the by-ways and highways of our village. That, we insist, is slander. And it is actionable under the laws of the State of California.

WE PROPOSE A SITE FOR NEW CARMEL POST OFFICE

What about the M. J. Murphy property, running through the block from Mission to San Carlos between Ocean avenue and Seventh street, for a federal building to house a post office for Carmel?

The property, now occupied principally by a lumber yard and mills, contains six lots, three on Mission and three on San Carlos, 120 by 200 feet in area—just about what the government would want or demand for a site.

Besides the fact that construction of a post office building there would eliminate an undesirable industry so near the main business street, it is about the only possible or obtainable site of required size anywhere near the center of the city.

That it is obtainable, actually, we are not certain as we haven't interviewed the owners in the matter; but it is our hunch that if Murphy were offered around \$5000 a lot for the property, or \$30,000 in all, he'd take it.

THE CYMBAL is unalterably opposed to sticking the post office up on the Hodges' stable site or, as has been proposed, on the block north of the present city park. Both these sites are out of line of the

(Continued on Page Two)

JUNIPERO ST. OPENING IS REQUESTED

Petitions asking that the city of Carmel open Junipero street at the north and south ends are to be presented to the council at its meeting next Wednesday evening.

The petitions, now being signed by property owners along the street, do not request widening or anything in the nature of permanent improvement, but only that the city make possible connection with the road to the Mission on the south and complete the connection with the present extension of San Carlos street out of the city to the north.

It is understood that if this work is done the property owners will pay at the rate of \$2 a lot for the oiling of the street.

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New Lincoln St. Building Will House Shops

Harry Aucourt is clearing the ground for the erection of a building to house two shops, on his property next to La Rambla building on Lincoln street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street.

The building will cost in the neighborhood of \$4,000 and the plans are now being drawn by Milton Latham. It will be of one story and of colonial design as to exterior. The front will be 40 feet on Lincoln street and it will extend back 40 feet.

Two dwellings which have been on the property for many years are being moved to the rear of the property where a 60-foot depth is still available.

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SCHOOL TRUSTEES TO MEET

The board of trustees of the Sunset School District will meet next Tuesday at Sunset School in Carmel.

ROWNTREE TO RECOMMEND GUTH AND WILLIAMS FOR TWO PAID JOBS IN FIRE DEPARTMENT

Charles Guth and Vincent Williams will be recommended to the city council at its meeting next Wednesday night by Councilman Bernard Rowntree, commissioner of fire and water, for appointment as senior and junior truckmen, respectively, in the Carmel Fire Department.

These appointments, if made by the council, will fill the two paid positions on the fire department created by the council at its meeting on March 17.

According to Fire Chief Robert Leidig the appointments will meet with the approval of the officers' staff of the fire department, comprising the chief, Fred Mylar, Vincent Torres, Paul Mercurio and Bill Askew.

Anticipating appointment to the senior fire truckman's job, Charlie Guth, now a member of the police department, has verbally tendered his resignation to Chief of Police Robert Norton.

When asked if a new police offi-

cer would be appointed Norton said: "Why, yes, that would be in the regular line of procedure."

But he declined to tell us who was being considered, or had been decided on, as the new member of his department. He said he wasn't "in a position to say."

Following announcement that Guth and Williams would be recommended by Rowntree for the two paid jobs on the fire department, Fire Chief Leidig held a conference with them and a plan is being worked out as to hours and days off. It is understood that each is to be on duty from 8 o'clock to 8 o'clock, Guth during the daylight hours, and Williams at night, but these hours will be worked out to assure that one of the men will be on duty at all times.

Guth who, as a member of the police department, was a candidate for police chief two years ago when Norton was named, was previously for several years a member of the fire department.

JOSEPH R. BURGE MAY RESIGN HIS COUNCIL JOB

There are very strong indications that with the expiration of, or perhaps before, the end of the six week's leave of absence recently granted by the city council to Councilman Joseph R. Burge, his resignation as a city official will be received by the council.

There are two important facts which lead to this conclusion. First, Burge has, and has had for some time, business interests which take him to other parts of the West, particularly Oregon. Second, he is not a well man, and he has been warned by his physician that he should make his home away from the coast if he wants to live a long and useful life. To make the conjecture even stronger is the reported statement of the councilman himself, made recently, to the effect that he has been considering moving from Carmel.

In the event that Burge does resign from the council, his seat thereon would be filled by the council by appointment, as in the case of the resignation of Robert Norton to become chief of police two years ago. At that time Dr. Raymond Brownell was appointed to the vacancy. Dr. Brownell then ran for re-election last April, together with John Catlin, Everett Smith, now mayor, and Councilman Clara Kellogg defeated them, Miss Kellogg just nosing out Brownell. (The present editor of THE CYMBAL ran last, having been victimized by politicians who had led him to believe that in Carmel elections the low man won.)

Burge now holds the commission-ership of police and lights on the council and an appointment to fill his position would probably involve a re-alignment of commissionships, a new man possibly not considered eligible to such an important portfolio.

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HELEN VYE TO BE TENANT IN NEW DUMMAGE BUILDING

Helen Vye, formerly connected with the Irene Lucien Shop, and now in Europe, will be one of the tenants in the new Dummage building to be erected at Ocean avenue and Lincoln streets by Mrs. Mary Dummage. Mrs. Vye will occupy one of the two Ocean avenue store spaces with an exclusive dress shop. Plans for the new building, for which Guy Koepp is the architect, were told in THE CYMBAL of February 19.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The bonafide paid circulation of THE CYMBAL last week (issue of March 26, 1937) was as follows:

PAID SUBSCRIBERS	
Carmel District.....	351
Outside Carmel District.....	110
Newsstand Sales.....	118
Total.....	579

Gain over previous week 10

(You may be interested in knowing that in Carmel only THE CYMBAL publishes weekly a circulation statement. There's a very good reason why only THE CYMBAL does.)

Republicans Show Sense of Humor

It might have taken a score of 46 to 2 to do it, but the Republicans have begun to manifest a sense of humor. That is, the local Republicans have. As witness the tickets they are selling for their outdoor banquet this Sunday to help out the National G. O. P. Committee in its efforts to wipe out the deficit suffered in the recent disastrous campaign. The tickets read:

REPUBLICAN WAKE
Sunday, April 4
at the
Indian Village on 17-Mile Drive
Fine Eats
Democrats Invited as Pallbearers
\$5 per person.
12:30 p. m.

Post Office Goes Up Another Step

The Carmel Post Office is stepping into the first-class bracket by the end of 1937 if the rest of the year stands up to the increase of the first quarter which ended Wednesday. Postal income has risen to \$8,049.22 for the January through March period as against \$7,976.30 a year ago.

Last year's total receipts were \$36,548.76, just \$3,451.24 less than the required \$40,000 for first-class standing. Postmaster Irene Cator gives credit to the early spring vacationists who sent home innumerable postcards of Ocean avenue and the Carmel Mission, as well as letters complaining about our lovely weather, for the boost in receipts.

NOW IS OUR CHANCE TO REDUCE POLICE FORCE

If the people of Carmel want to save money that is being wasted today on our over-manned, over-financed police department this is the psychological moment to do something about it.

At this writing our police department, technically, is down to what it should be—a chief of police and two patrolmen—that is, it is down as far as we can reasonably expect to get it, allowing for the seeming necessity for an assistant to the chief for the collection of taxes.

The sudden reduction of the force from four uniformed men to three comes about with the resignation of Charlie Guth who has been recommended by Councilman Bernard Rowntree for one of the paid jobs in the fire department and who will probably be appointed by the council at its meeting next Wednesday night.

But also at that meeting of the council will probably be presented by Chief of Police Robert Norton a request for the appointment of another man to take Guth's place on the police department. Councilman Joseph R. Burge, who is commissioner of police, probably will not be present as he is on a six-week's leave of absence. It is believed, as

noted elsewhere, that he is probably not much concerned anyway, his interest in Carmel somewhat waning.

Now, we do not need another man to take Guth's place. We do not need another man on the police force. We have ample in numbers and if the three are as efficient as they should be, they can easily take care of all the police problems we have.

THE CYMBAL has shown repeatedly, by comparison with other cities, that the Carmel police force has been larger than necessary; that it has been costing the city far more than it should. We have shown that such cities as Mountain View and Los Gatos, both on highways, both with mixed populations, both with typical American city problems not found in Carmel, have three members in their police departments and considerably less police costs than we do.

Now comes Gilroy, since our last printed comparison, and informs us that it, a city of 3800 people (a good thousand more than we have) maintains order and decency within its confines with a police force numbering three men and costing

the city a total of \$7,328.76 a year (1936). Our cost is near \$10,000.

Here, then, is a chance for Carmel to save some money; money that is needed for other purposes, and sorely needed. We have miles of streets that should be repaired and toward the repairing of which the money saved by eliminating one police officer would go far. We should have given the \$860 Monterey asked us for to help complete its airport at Del Monte, actually just as much to our benefit as to Monterey's.

We could use Guth's salary and, fortunately, we can do so without injuring Charlie, himself, as we have given him, or are about to give him, another job.

If the people of Carmel realize that we are over-policed and that it is costing us too much for our police, now is the time to act. Make the city council understand that it is representing you, or that it should, and by petition and personal appearance, give it notice next Wednesday night that an appointment to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Charlie Guth from the police department is not desired.

—W. K. B.

present peregrinations of people, and will be for an indefinite period. On the other hand, the Murphy site we propose is not only now easily accessible to everybody, but will continue so to be for some time to come.

Let the Carmel Business Association, when it meets in conclave at dinner in Pine Inn Friday night, give a thought to this possible and desirable site for the new post office building.

YOUTH DESCENDED UPON US, SHORT IN MORE THINGS THAN CLOTHING

House-owners and house-renters awoke with severe headaches last Monday morning and house-cleaners cleaned up on houses in more ways than one.

Those delightful little feminine things that jammed our streets during the seven-days previous and vexed the quiet ear of seven nights in every direction between Santa Lucia and the Woods, Hatton Fields and the sea, were nice to look at and not so terrible to hear, but most of them numbered not among their virtues a deep consideration for other people's property.

As a result of this onslaught of Stanford and Mills College girls and their boy friends, gathered together from hither and yon, the amalgamated property owners and property custodians of Carmel are drafting resolutions which provide that next Easter, merchants or no merchants, Carmel will lock its doors on youthful transients.

It was a hectic week. The restaurants, the tap rooms and the post office may have profited, but the rest of the village suffered intensely. Souvenirs in the form of knick-knacks from whatnots, plated silver, from eating places, cream pitchers, natty salt cellars, a sign or two and, in one instance, two dining room chairs, are lost to Carmel forever. But for the property disappearance there is not so much bitterness as for the property left behind in a denuded and considerably dilapidated condition. Carmel found itself suddenly in possession of an overabundance of antiques, useful only as oddities and, in some cases, atrocities.

John Jordan, than whom no better representative of the spirit and mental reactions of our forefathers may be found in all the length and breadth of the village, expressed it: "We merely paid for the idea installed in the kindergartens about 15 years ago—that our youth should be given absolute freedom of expression."

Sometimes John hits the nail on the nutshell.

MARY LOUISE PARSONS TO BE MARRIED TOMORROW

At 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at St. Mary's-by-the-Sea in Pacific Grove, Mary Louise Parsons of Carmel will become Mrs. Harold E. Davis. A small group of friends and relatives will witness the ceremony and will later be present at a reception to be given in the Golden Bough Room of the Blue Bird in Carmel.

Miss Parsons is well known in Carmel where she has been managing the Parsons' Antique Shop on Lincoln Street. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wick Parsons of Fresno. Davis is the manager of the Bank of America in Pacific Grove.

The couple will take a two-weeks' motor trip including Grand Canyon, Death Valley and Boulder Dam and will then return to make their home on Ninth and Light-house Avenue in Pacific Grove. Mrs. Davis-to-be will return to the shop for the summer months to assist her mother.

Bostick & Wood Firm Have Set Up What We Ken Is a Daisy Record

Merely to show just what can be done when a fine real estate hand is turned to it, Bostick & Wood (one of the partners being that Daisy Bostick, a newcomer in Carmel) rolled up a total of land and structure sales the past month or less that trots along right smartly with Birney Adams' prideful record of building permits.

Of course, these real estate people are cagey about figures and names when it comes to publicity in realty transactions, but we did manage to get out of the B. & W. concern that among ten sales in the past fortnight or so there may willingly be brought to light:

The Sarah Buchanan home on Santa Fe to E. W. McMillan of Burlingame, George Payne cottage on Mission street, cottage on 12th and Lincoln streets to Miss Leslie King, Mary Lansdale home in For-

est Hill section, and lots to Carol Veazie in the Mission Tract. There is something also mentioned by Bostick & Wood about sales of three lots in the La Loma section and two lots in Old Carmel City.

Oh, well, we once sold thin lemonade in smudgy tumblers out on the sidewalk in front of the house where we were born and we got as much excitement out of our seven cents as you got out of your old seven thousand dollars worth of commissions the past fortnight, you old Ken and Daisy you.

(Besides, we got a trade-last for you. We told another real estate guy what you had been doing and he said with such a sneer and such venom as we never hope to see again: "Bostick & Wood did that? Well, they're old meanies—both of 'em.")

Have You Any Ideas About Sidewalk Colors? Tell Them to Fred Leidig

Fred Leidig is now trying to decide how best he may help to beautify Ocean avenue in the matter of sidewalks on the two sides of his being-built business block at San Carlos street.

He is cogitating on brick, tile or colored cement. He is not averse to suggestions and if you have any, you will find him pretty nearly every hour of the day watching the progress of the building. Already the troughs or forms, or whatever you call them, for the concrete foundations are in and by the time you read this the concrete will probably be in the process of being poured. The concrete foundations will be tied together in one whole piece with steel wire as earthquake-proof construction, and will be more numerous and stronger than usual in order to take care of a second story on the building if and when it shall be desired.

The exterior of the new structure will be of a cream stucco and without filigree of any sort. The windows of the stores will be wide and deep and without any arty trimmings.

In the meantime, and for the next three months, the former tenants of the corner are plying their trades with apparent comfort in other parts of the body geographic. Stanford is now sharing the Mission Market amicably with Weaver's meat. He is to return to his old corner in the new Leidig building when it is completed, leaving Weaver again to enjoy his commodious quarters. THE CYMBAL, in one of its occasional lapses, implied in a recent issue that Weaver is to move. 'Tis not so. He will stay where he is—doing nicely, thank you, as he phrases it.

Murphy finally got Wentworth, the Yankee shoe repairer, trundled back of the McDonald dairy, where he is doing business for those who carry their worn footwear down the alley south of the dairy.

Mr. Walker, out of his place only temporarily while that part of

it that belonged to the Leidigs was cut off of it, is back in his place hanging onto the wall of Anna Katz' dress shop. Although Mr. Walker is minus about 11 inches, you wouldn't know it to look at him now.

As for Barney Segal, he and Helen McLachlan and Betty Stuhler Williams are sitting pretty in Barney's own building up next to the postoffice building. And, of course, THE CYMBAL has some of its atmosphere in with them. We haven't yet decided whether the vicarious presence of THE CYMBAL, or the practical and material presence of Barney, Helen and Betty makes the place the more attractive, but as is our modest way, we'll say it's the trio.

LOS ANGELES ARCHITECT PLANS CARMEL HOUSE

Harwell Harris, Los Angeles architect, who has designed many of the most attractive homes in Pasadena and other parts of Southern California, is to do his first work in Carmel with the drawing of plans for a house at Valley View, Seventeenth avenue and Scenic Drive on the Point for Miss Marion Clark of Berkeley.

The location is one of the most interesting on the Point, being the corner lots above the beach just south-east of the Stewart house. There are clear views of the ocean, Point Lobos, the mountains and Carmel Valley. Miss Clark has not yet selected the builder, but he will probably be a Carmel man.

HE MAY BE ON HIS BACK, BUT HIS SPIRIT STAYS IN SHOP

Louis Slevin, who is recuperating from an operation in the Peninsula Hospital, has left a mark of himself in his store window. There are displayed a few copies of the Saturday Evening Post of 1927 and a sign reads: "Saturday Evening Posts of 1927, \$1 each. We also have some of the latest issue for 5 cents each." What a wag that bird Slevin is!

Martha Graham Is Next Big Card

When one buys a ticket for a Spanish dancer or a Russian ballet, or to an Italian opera, he knows exactly what he is going to see or hear. When one goes to a Martha Graham dance recital he knows only that he is not going to see Russian, Spanish, or the dancing of any other country, but the interpretation of American life by its greatest dancer and her group. Martha Graham and her dance group of 12 American girls come to the Sunset Auditorium Saturday evening, April 10, an outstanding event in dance history.

Probably ten generations from now the American dance form will be as definitely established as the dance forms of other countries. If it is, Martha Graham will be the reason, the most important figure in the dance world since Isadora Duncan.

Already, in recognition of the important cultural factor that her dance has become in American life, Martha Graham was awarded a fellowship by the Guggenheim Foundation.

DR. E. GUY TALBOT TO TALK AGAINST WAR HERE

Dr. E. Guy Talbot of the National Council for the Prevention of War will speak before the Current Events Section of the Women's Club at the Carmel Community Church Monday at noon.

It is hoped by Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor of the church, to have a men's dinner in the evening at which Dr. Talbot will speak again. If you would be interested in hearing Dr. Talbot get in touch with Mr. Bodley at Carmel 977-J.

CARMEL ARTISTS HANG IN SAN FRANCISCO EXHIBIT

Many of our local artists were represented in the 57th Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association, which opened Wednesday, March 26:

Moir Wallace Harndon, formerly of Carmel, contributed a canvas entitled "Merry-Go-Round". There were two imposing sculptures by Gordon Newhall, who makes his home in the Big Sur. Also two oil paintings by John Langley Howard of Monterey, one, gruesomely dramatic, entitled "Penitentes" and one called "Santa Fe".

"Paul Parker and wife," says a contemporary, "were recently the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Welles Ritchie. Mr. Parker is the publisher of the Salinas Journal." Mr. Ritchie is Mr. Ritchie.—The Cymbal, June 8, 1926.



YOU'LL FIND ME
DOWN THE
ALLEY

Entrance
NORTH SIDE OF
McDONALD DAIRY
ON SAN CARLOS

C. W.
WENTWORTH
Village
Shoe Repairer

*Dainty, Crisp
and Lovely*

NEW THINGS

Have Just Arrived!

Also
a Selection of
Warm Wools

which are always
good in Carmel

Anna Katz

Ocean Avenue
opposite
Bank of Carmel

AH! a specialty WITH US!

FRIED FISH
and . . . CHIPS!
DINNER

OUR CONEY ISLAND CLAM CHOWDER IS GRAND

«and . . . a spiffy
tap room

SADE'S
CARMEL-ETA INN

The Carmel Cymbal

E. A. H. Watson's Mother Dies in New York

Mrs. J. Henry Watson, mother of Eugene A. H. Watson of Carmel, died Wednesday night at her home in New York City. Gene had flown from San Francisco to New York on Monday on receiving word of his mother's serious illness from pneumonia and was at her bedside when she died. Lieut. Col. H. L. Watson, formerly of Carmel, a second son, and Mrs. Randolph Ray, a daughter, were also there.

Mrs. Watson was the widow of an Episcopal rector in New York and also the daughter of one, the latter, Rev. Eugene Augustus Hoffman, who from 1876 to 1901 was dean of the Union Theological Seminary in New York City. She was 86 years old.

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Ballet To Benefit Carmel Mission

A benefit program for the restoration fund for the Carmel Mission will be given at Del Monte Hotel Wednesday evening, April 14, at 9 p. m.

The program features the Hollywood Symphonic Ballet, a group which opened in the famed Hollywood Bowl and has given performances in leading cities including the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The ballet follows the modern school of the dance with the grace of the old Russian ballet. Led by Aida Broadbent, premiere danseuse and choreographer, it will present for the first time on the Monterey Peninsula a ballet, "Hollywood", which is the synthesis of all the world's conception of the movie capital. The music for this ballet is by the American composer, Frederic Grofe, who wrote "Grand Canyon Suite".

The honorary committee for the benefit includes Mr. and Mrs. John Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Jeffers, Noel Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow, Mrs. Tobin Clark and Richard Clark.

The general committee is as follows: Don Staniford, Leo McNeil, Carmel Martin, Jack Beaumont, Chester Shephard, B. B. McMenamin, Herbert Cerwin, Joe O'Connor, Peter Elliott, William Gould and Hal Garrett.

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VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI, WHO WORKS FOR US NOW, IS TO GET A SWING

Watching the first game of tennis on the courts of the new Mission Ranch Club, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis called to her husband who is managing director of the Club, "I want a bench to sit on out here." "You shall have it right away," replied the manager. And we asked for a swing in one of the lovely trees on the club grounds and I think we are going to have that, too. Any one else have any ideas?

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COMMUNITY CHURCH FOOD SALE NETS \$30

Thirty dollars rang in the cash register of the Carmel Community Church Guild last Saturday. They were the proceeds from their food sale held in the Carmel Garage. A beautiful baked ham raffled went to lucky Louis Levinson. Those who assisted behind the counters were Mrs. O. A. Holm, president of the Guild; Mrs. Charles Askew, Mrs. Homer Bodley, Mrs. Amy Myler and Mrs. Roy Nye.

BUSINESS MEN START THEIR DRIVE FOR POST OFFICE BUILDING HERE AT DINNER NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT

The first of a series of dinners, sponsored by the Carmel Business Association, will be held next Friday evening, beginning at 7 o'clock at Pine Inn, according to the announcement of Shelburn Robison, president of the organization.

Florence Leidig and A. C. Lafrenz are in charge of the dinner Friday night. While food will be offered and Mrs. Leidig promises some novel entertainment, the occasion will actually be a meeting of the Business Association at which all and sundry merchants, or those interested in what the merchants are interested in, may attend if they will make reservations. Besides the desire to attend, it will be necessary to be willing to part with 85 cents

for a place at table, a knife, a couple of forks and a spoon or two, to say nothing of the eats and the entertainment.

But there will be business and it will center principally around the growing desire on the part of the city to have a federal building in its midst to house the post office. The Business Association appears to be determined to get a federal appropriation for a post office building and at this meeting will try to draw up definite plans for a campaign toward this end as well as to get some idea of an adequate location. This last is going to be bit tough and THE CYMBAL in its editorial column has something to say about it.

Edward Weston Awarded Guggenheim Fellowship in Photography for 1937

Edward Weston has been awarded the coveted Guggenheim Fellowship in Photography for 1937. From the beginning of this Foundation, many awards have been made in other arts and sciences but this is the first and only award made in the field of photography.

Long a resident of Carmel where he maintained a studio, Weston recently moved to Southern California. Under the Guggenheim grant this distinguished artist with the camera will record in tones of gray the significant contemporary West as only he can do it.

Coincidentally with this honor comes news that the work of Edward Weston will appear in a one-man exhibition in New York at the Karl Nierendorf Gallery beginning April 1.

Long known in photographic circles for the excellence of his work, Weston is justly considered one of the truly distinguished photographers of the day. Fortunate indeed is he who possesses one or more of his prints. Weston's innate modesty and integrity have defeated for himself that popular acclaim and commercial success accorded to many of his lesser contemporaries in his field.

Edward Weston is an artist who thoroughly understands the limitations as well as the possibilities of his medium. He is a firm exponent of the straight or so called real photography. No manipulation of negatives to falsify nature for Weston; no imitation of any other medium. It will be instructive in this place to quote some of his expressed views.

Weston writes:

"In viewing an exhibition of photographs one must seek those examples which justify their existence as fine photography by achieving a correlation between meaning and expression which is free from all irrelevant connotations, all suggestions of other forms of expression. They will not be hard to recognize because photography is such a basically honest medium that even a tyro can detect falsifications. Look for the exquisite rendition of surface textures beyond the skill of human hand, beyond the seeing of human eye; or consider the uninterrupted sequence of gradations from black to white.

"The chemico-mechanical nature of photography precludes all manual interference with its essential qualities, and indicates a fully integrated understanding of the aesthetic problem before exposure. The conception must be seen and felt on the camera ground-glass complete in every detail; all values, textures, exact dimensions must be

considered once for all, for, with the shutter's release the isolated image becomes unalterably fixed. This is the procedure in straight, real photography."

This is the essence of Edward Weston's method. It's the man behind the lens that counts—and there is only one Edward Weston.

—R. A. K.

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APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY CLASS NOW ADULT EDUCATION

Monday evening classes in applied psychology, conducted by Mrs. Catherine Nelson at Sunset School, are now a part of the Adult Education program. Mrs. Nelson, who received her credentials last week, wishes the public to know that the time, 7:30 o'clock, will be the same and that the classes are open to all who are interested in this modern science.

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LEGION'S FIRST WEEKLY LUNCH IS SUCCESS

The first weekly lunch of the American Legion Club at the clubhouse on Dolores street was considered a success. About 20 members were on hand to satisfy their individual and collective craving for a midday meal. And all report it a good meal. This Tuesday lunch business at the Legion clubhouse is to be a regular thing, as long as the interest lasts.



If...
You haven't
been in

Whitney's

You haven't
"DONE"

CARMEL

In the heart of the village
... in more ways
than one

**BREAKFAST • LUNCH
DINNER**

Liquor... if
you like

Freeze Put Back Tree Growth 35 Days

You may not know it, and perhaps it doesn't concern you, but that pine tree there on the north-west corner of your home lot, or is it the south-east? is just about 35 days behind schedule in its spring growth.

The freeze-spell of two months ago did it. It did it to about every other kind of growth, too. Some of the flora it right up and killed, as you know, but all of it it set back between 5 to 40 days.

Dr. D. T. MacDougal has the figures on this. His dendrographic instruments, attached to some 46 trees he has been playing around with for the past 20 years at the Carnegie Institution coastal laboratory here in Carmel, show any vestige of growth below the bark. He says that if there is a change the thickness of a piece of Hammermill 20-pound bond paper, either plain or ripple surface, it writes about it on his instruments.

So, it is recorded on MacDougal's trees that the pines in Carmel are just about 35 days behindhand in the start of their spring growth.

Incidentally, the bark cracks because of the growth of the trunk beneath it and then the cracks are mended from inside. It is, the good doctor says, as though we grew to the point of splitting our clothing and then put patches on the splits from the inside. It might be interesting to try sometime.

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George Ball has suggested a new sandwich for Key's menu. He calls it the "Aimee McPherson sandwich" and he says that it's easy to make—applesauce and bologna. —The Cymbal, July 13, 1926.

CARMEL-BOUND

When poppies bloom on Hatton Fields,
And mission bells are ringing,
When Easter hymns are being sung
And blue bells are a-swinging,
When breezes soft are coming in
And lupine candles lighted—
Then surely you are Carmel-bound
To see this springtime knighted.

—ALF AAGAARD

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... feigning fuss, James leaves us, to return presently wearing a peasant linen sportshirt, very homespun, by McGregor; a tie in the colors of the 1st King's Guards Dragoons—English, Macclesfield—with matching belt; & a cashmere cardigan in an early gorse yellow. His feet are enhanced—infinitely enhanced—by those idiotic goatskin boots, which we instantly misappropriate. Abyssinian jaal goat. Veree slummy. This leaves the feet more or less outspokenly shrouded in Bonnie Doone slacks socks. Pants, you ask? Pants, to us, represent the purely functional in art.—Clanging Cymbals

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The Carmel Cymbal

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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April 2, 1937

WHITE CAPS

ON THE RADIO WAVES

We feel we must issue a warning to those who are looking for the better programs on the radio. From now on they will be few and far between and dial turners must be prepared for several changes in time and station

KGO—This morning at 11 o'clock. Walter Damrosch Music Appreciation program.

KSFO—This evening at 7 o'clock. Stokowsky directing the Philadelphia Orchestra.

KSFO—Tomorrow morning at 8:30 o'clock. Cincinnati Conservatory.

KPO—Tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. Abram Chasins, pianist.

(Saturday opera has changed stations and probably broadcast time. The opera will be broadcast from Boston. Check with your newspaper.)

KSFO—Sunday at noon. New York Philharmonic, Rodzinski directing works of Respighi, Bloch, Ravel and Albenez.

(General Motors program has changed hours and network. Probably will be heard on Pacific Coast at 5 o'clock instead of 7 o'clock. Lily Pons to sing. Programs hereafter will include the lighter classics.)

KGO—Tuesday morning at 10:45 o'clock. Rochester Civic Orchestra.

KGO—Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. Music of the Masters. Alfred Frankenstein's fine selection of unusual and rare records.

KPO—Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock. Music Guild.

KGO—Thursday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock. Rochester Civic Orchestra.

KPO—Thursday evening at 8:15. Standard Symphony Hour. Portland Orchestra

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The trouble the Forest Theater directors had in finding a good snappy drama for the opening of their summer festival makes us wonder if they considered reviving one of the old-time city council meetings.—The Cymbal, June 8, 1926.

+

In announcing the Carmel production of The Snow Queen it is stated that "only children resident or visiting on the Peninsula will be used". From which we gather that no person not here can take part.—The Cymbal, June 15, 1926.

CLANGING CYMBALS

Columbia's erudite Waugh,
Prospecting the Esquimo's maw,
Says an apple a day
Keeps the dentist away.
(To rehash a wormeaten saw.)

Which febrility is doubtless due to having had Kevin Wallace in THE CYMBAL office for a couple of hours. Seriously, however, this Dr. Waugh went about peering with eagerness at the molars and bicuspid of many, many Esquimaux, only to find them all perfect—a dismal sort of expedition for even a Professor of Dentistry. He says this highly unprofessional condition is due to a total lack of refined sugar in the diet of the Arctic Circle. He goes further, and advocates the use of natural sugars for us all. "An ordinary apple has the equivalent of a teaspoonful of refined sugar," says he. "One Maiden's Blush and a half," says we, passing our coffee cup.

+

Lying side by side on the same page of our favorite news rag, staring each other down, in a manner of speaking, we found two items of interest to us. One was a chit about the "folded-arm strike" in Pittsburgh. It seems, having no chairs to sit-down on, the girls in one of the Five-and-Tens in East Pittsburgh, just folded their arms and stood. Apparently it had come over them, all of a sudden like, that the \$9 a week they were getting for a 52-hour week left a major crevasse of some kind right smack between them and what the newspapers keep referring to as "The American Standard of Living". An electric washtub in every dinnerpail and the first installment of that new \$5 honey of an evening gown just around the corner. The best we can do, with our limited knowledge of the Calculi, doesn't give those girls a wisp of a sou over seventeen and four-thirteenths cents an hour. Out of which they buy their uniforms. And wash them in the hypothetical washer—which, if we know our Pittsburgh, is likely to be a tin basin, practically solid with bituminous coal from a long process of ingestion. And iron them at dawn on a board across the bathtub.

That was the first item. The other, separated from it by one thin line of printers' ink, was this: "These little fur sweaters are an absolute must of your summer wardrobe. You will be lost without one or two of them. Only \$25."

If this be treason

+

This came to us a year or so old—but, we think, nothing the worse for some wear. One of our graciousest ladies-in-trade, while dusting off some flimsy in her shop one morn, was confronted by a formidable old bossy, demanding to know about the Salinas Rodeo. Now, this is not the sort of thing our Ocean avenue peeresses go in for, but it just so happened that this one had planned to attend the Horse Festival and was well up on rates, means and hours of transportation, places to buy cerise shirts; rest room accommodations, and all such. She even knew a smattering of cowboy names and a horse or two. All this invaluable lore she proffered her enquirer gratis and in a manner we guarantee to be inimitable. When she had finished, the aforementioned hussy looked her straight in the eye and said: "Is that all you know?" "No, it isn't," came right back at her, "I know the date of William the Conqueror."

Lookin' 'em over, if our memory serves us, was once the sport of the knave-children of this earth. It may come as a surprise to them to learn that there's a goodish bit of it done over on the distaff side. We mean, we women look 'em over, too. And also. As for us, personally, we nearly shocked the regimental braces off Robbie the other day when, after a purely business chat, we openly admired his tie.

We suppose this is what got us thinking about our menswear reactions—this, and Bill McAdams's Harvard footgear Feeling that perhaps we had got a little behind in this matter, we struck right out, breast stroke, for Conrad Imelman's. There we found Beverly, done up with fair neatness and correctitude himself, and quite ready to induct us into all but the mysteries of what our distinctively spirited chaps are wearing.

Let us suppose that we wish to spend the day with James. Any old James, just so long as he Buys British—which is to say, gets his clothes at Conrad's. We have arrived at James's for breakfast—so goes our little scenario. James has forgotten we were coming, in order that he might rush to the door in the Hunting Scene Pyjamas which he put on when he heard the bell. Anyway, you couldn't muss up all those bewitching horses and foxes and pink coats by turning over in bed with them on. This solves the universal problem of whether to wear the top or the bottom. Buy them from Imelman and don't wear them at all. Except for breakfast a deux.

Feigning fuss, James leaves us, to return presently wearing a peasant linen sportshirt, very homespun, by McGregor; a tie in the colors of the 1st King's Guard Dragoons—English Macclesfield—with matching belt; and a cashmere cardigan in an early gorse yellow. His feet are enhanced—infinitely enhanced—by those idiotic goatskin boots, which we instantly misappropriate. Abyssinian jaal goat. Verree slummy. This leaves the feet more or less outspokenly shrouded in Bonnie Doone slacks socks. Pants, you ask? Pants, to us, represent the purely functional in art.

Pshaw! Our editor says this spending the day with even the best—and most completely dressed—of our boys, is out. He says that if we got James as far as those Davie the Duke cocktail jackets (hic jacets)—around 4 p. m.—we should no longer be on the staff of THE CYMBAL anyhow. We had intended to plug this little idyll with purebred Gantner and Jantzen bathing suits, a few well-fitting drawers and a dash of personalized jewelry. Then maybe work out the plot so that James would hang us, with one of the sprightliest of the Austrian Mogadores, just as the censor's pencil flashed into the dim lights of Jim's apartment to discover us in a pair of James's Tattersall pyjamas—not definitely for wearing, either.

Alas, James was—or was to have been, deuced pukka—if you know what we mean.

+

If you know what the word "sophistication" means, that's Tony Macbeth's new shop. Peter didn't put it badly at that. We asked him if he was interested at all in decorating the folksy sort of house we live in here. He said that an outhouse and a palace called only for a variant milieu. That is practically our definition of what it means to be sophisticated.

Dividing our time between Mr.

Rooke-Ley—Peter—and the wall papers, we had a luscious morning. We predict that the wallpaper books will rival anything downstairs for human interest. There's one in an ebullient green, with Viennese horses and peasants, very restful. An elderberry wine one, with a deeply seductive note. Strawberries, rampant. And some very early birds, cantant. We have been waiting a good many years for wall papers to come back, and here they are. If you wanted those delicate yellow cattails in your own "little room"—so easy to have!

Beside the exquisite taste Mr. Rooke-Ley has shown in all his choosing—materials of sagacity as well as beauty, Susan Van Ysen's sylphidian house accessories, Mr. Hamilton's pottery made in the Valley of the Moon and partaking of the lucid and fragile emotions inspired by that orb—beside, we say, Peter's taste in selecting for the shop, any one thing he has chosen simply falls into the scheme. The ensemble is as carefully planned as the S. S. Normandie, and much subtler. Those cork lamp shades, Peter designed himself. And the ones of the amusing legal endpaper.

The combination of a certain austerity with originality and fun isn't easy to find anywhere. Our more flippant mood deserts us in face of the authenticity of Mr. Rooke-Ley's genius. And the pleasant directness of Mr. Rooke-Ley. We left the keys to our city right under your mat, sir.

+

In the presence of Erda, the Earth Mother, we spent of late one of those luminescent hours which, now and then throughout our life, bring to a focus our own special, bright consciousness in flux along the brilliance of all essences. The sun was long agone behind the seven veils of Carmel dusk; the jaunty little hills long somnolent. And it came to us sharply, sitting there on the door rock, lifted into the under-terminate night on the centripetal wheel of earth odors and the fragrance of all the plasms, that never again in our life would there be another moment like this. Never again the same shadows along the jacent limbs of the live oak; never that special breeze that wakened exquisitely upon the backs of our hands and sent a deep and terrible shudder down us, until it grounded like lightning at our feet. Never, in our realm of understanding, this immediate vision again. And, seeing thus, we were plunged into the unleashed shadows that grow and die along the edges of the world men cannot gather whole into their individual small space. Behind us, in a room, candles guttered down. But there was no longer any world

for us; no moon nor starred horizon. No summer frocks upon the boulevards nor ice in polar place. No dancing; neither waves upon the beach, nor breath of leopards in the dark. Nor yet the wild white thinkingness of man; nor clocks to portion out a time that man knows nothing of. We were awakened from this little death when

"... a single bird
Unto a silent sky,
Propounded but a single term
Of cautious melody."

—LYNDA SARGENT

+

MRS. ELIZABETH SULLIVAN RECOVERING FROM FALL

That beautiful white-haired girl, Beth Sullivan, enhanced the sunshine on Ocean avenue the past week—for two or three days the past week. But patting her on the left shoulder in your exuberant gladness at seeing her again, was precisely out. Beth has been confined to her home, Little Whim (Little Whimmen, Bert Heron calls it) for the past two or three weeks (or is it years?) because she side-stepped on a skidding rug and went down. Among other parts of her she went down on her left shoulder. They took her to the Peninsula Hospital, but kept her there only three days because the nurses couldn't find time to attend to the other patients, what with listening to Beth. Then a few days later, the nurses stuffing cotton in their ears, they took her back for another X-ray or something. But she finally went back to her home and her little mother, Mrs. Helen Brooks, and stayed there awhile, the while people sent her flowers and magazines and love and best wishes. Now she gets out, not having to walk on her left shoulder, and she's back on Ocean avenue, to the power and glory of Ocean avenue, we might say—we insist on saying.

+

G. M. Fontaine of Los Gatos, father of Olivia de Havilland, was a guest at Rancho Carmelo, up the Valley, the past week.

EUMARTE

FRIDAY SAT. • DOUBLE BILL

Walter Huston

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The Carmel Cymbal

Good Abalone Hunting Time Is Near, But Watch Your Length of "Line"

Good low tides will prevail each day from now until the end of April—providing excellent sport for the abalone hunter. All are good clam and fishing tides, while those from April 11 to April 16 are low enough for abalone taking. The big lows this year all come in the middle of the week; so if takers want the lowest of each series of low tides, they must plan to get away on Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, according to information received by the Outing Department of the National Automobile Club from the "Dillon Beach Tide-ings". Dillon Beach is a favorite spot for the harvesting of abalones.

Do not forget your abalone irons with the seven-inch mark filed on them, nor your angling license, warns the club. The warden will probably ask you for your license.

U. S. 99 BEING IMPROVED

Construction is progressing rapidly on U. S. 99 north of Fresno. The 4.5 miles from Belmont Circle to Biola Junction are to be completed May 1. From Biola Junction northerly to Herndon, 3.9 miles, is scheduled for completion September 11. In the meantime, travel uses the old road alongside the new.

SHASTA-LASSEN ROAD PLAN

Shasta National Forest is to receive \$365,000 for road improvement during the ensuing season. Of this, \$115,000 will be expended for surfacing 17 miles of the Mt. Shasta to Lassen National Park road. The rest of the allotment is to be used for grading five miles between Four Corners and Cayton, including construction of a bridge over Lake Britton Narrows.

OJAI-MARICOPA ROAD CLOSED

Slides have closed the road between Ojai and Maricopa. No opening date has been set, but crews are working near Wheeler's Hot Springs and a one-way road will be ready in 10 days.

ROAD WORK AT DEL MAR

Construction on 6.5 miles of U. S. 101 between Del Mar and Encinitas requires cautious driving. Traffic goes through the project which is rough and dusty when dry and slippery when wet.

FISHING IMPROVING AT LAKE HENSHAW

Recent storms have made Lake Henshaw too muddy for good fishing, but the water is clearing fast and should be all right by early April, barring further storms.

WILD LILAC BLOOMING

Wild lilac is blooming along the highway between Lakeside and Ramona. The San Diego mountains are a vivid green, and the ocotillo is budding along the Kane Springs-Julian highway. A trip through this section is very enjoyable at this season.

KERN WILD FLOWERS ATTRACT

The world-famous wild flowers of Kern County are now in full bloom. Thousands of acres of poppies, lupines and countless other flowers are now showing in all their splendor.

Tourists are warned to stay out of Arvin and Rancho El Tejon properties where several thousands of acres of former flower fields are under cultivation. Remember, too, that there is a State law against picking the wild flowers. Keep cars on the road—do not drive through the fields, since much cattle feed is destroyed in this way.

By observing these simple rules,

the heritage of beauty which these gorgeous flower fields present can be enjoyed by all.

MISSION INN LURES VISITORS

The unique Mission Inn at Riverside, noted for its picturesqueness, contains one of the largest collections of rare art masterpieces in the world. For years the charm and old world atmosphere of this hostelry have lured the tourist.

Visitors are conducted through the Inn on Tuesdays and Fridays, excepting holidays, from 3 to 5 p. m. House guests and those partaking of meals at the Inn are guided through daily at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. House guests also have the freedom of the Inn at all hours.

CARMEL LIBRARIES IN 1926 (from "Cymbaline" in THE CYMBAL)

"The public library is Old Carmel—from the sand you wade through to get to it, to the little wooden cottage with dogs tied to the front steps, horses hitched to trees and people gathered in bunches inside. There must be a great many books on all those odd corners and on the shelves that run over and under the windows! As for the Game Cock, you know immediately when you step inside the door and see the candy from Sherry's and Maillard's that this is naturally the place where you get the very latest, in books or sport hose, or anything else. It's Fifth Avenue, Carmel. And the Woodside? That's the Carmel of the writers and artists, I should say, even to the little cabin among the trees, so unpretentious outside and inside so full of treasures. It's worth walking a little off the main thoroughfare to find it. It's the place where you can get 'South Wind' and 'Of Human Bondage' and 'Swann's Way' and the 'Blue Jade Library' and even—if you want it!—James Joyce's 'Ulysses'."

WHAT A CYMBAL IS

The cymbal is a musical instrument with an indefinite pitch, a disc of resonant metal usually in pairs. They are played not by clashing them together but in striking their edges with a sliding movement. Cymbals may be of fine or poor quality, producing a brilliant, lasting or terrifying effect or an impotent dull sound, like broken crockery. The clang of the cymbal is very penetrating. It can be used in other ways; by striking a suspended cymbal with a drum stick an effect somewhat like a gong is produced. A roll played on a cymbal with two kettle drum sticks produces a weird oriental clang.

What has this to do with the new Carmel Cymbal? Is there anything in a name? Judging from copy number one there is something in a name. The quality is good, the brilliant lasting clang is still penetrating. It is refreshing. More than that, it is vital. Being of indefinite pitch its sound synchronizes with any tone or chord reverberating in our Carmel existence; awakening us from a dull stupor by sudden fortzando.

—Harold K. Hestwood, *The Cymbal*, May 18, 1926.

CARMEL CAPERS

Rant all you like about Easter, rebirth and burgeoning vitality; we are forced to admit that the whole thing with its accompanying incursion of youth and young ideas, has left us pretty much a battered remnant of our former self.

Under the circumstances, our ever-indulgent readers will pardon us a bit of plagiarism whilst we go into our McIntyre:

Thoughts while dragging the old carcass up Ocean Avenue (and why we bother, nobody knows):

Leaves an awfully big hole, like a missing tooth, where they uprooted Stanifords—we liked the jaunty look it had last week, rearing on its hind legs.

Hope Macbeth remembers to use the entrance to his new store, that's a de-lovely piece of plate glass.

And a de-lousy shame what they do to all the cypress trees on San Antonio. Can't they think of some less vandalistic occupation for their unemployed?

Wonder how Mr. Wentworth liked the ride. He cobbled while they carted—more fun than fiddling while Rome burns.

Now that they've given the town back to the Indians. It's a pretty dull business after all. How about a little paint and feathers or a war-whoop or two?

Hilary Belloc to call—always pleasant to see Hilary and his piratical red beard slowly materialize through the smoke screen he throws out with that cherished trash-burner of his.

We talked of this and that and concluded that creative writing is a form of mental defecation, having a salutary effect on the producer if not on the consumer.

Del Monte, Friday night, swarming with youth, polo players and movie stars. Eric Tyrell-Martin has his own ideas about musical selections; saw him giving Freddie several requests.

Douglas Fairbanks looks as if it would exhaust him even to think about dueling with twelve extras at this point.

Constance Bennett was sitting next to Gilbert Roland but looked bored—these luminaries build up quite an immunity.

Kevin Wallace spent an afternoon in our little salon of carefully assembled non-thinkers drinking beer and bringing-into-being his latest "lim-panel" in India ink. He varied this procedure only occasionally and slightly by drinking the India ink—and while history may have been writ in blood, there is little to be said for limericks writ in beer.

Larry Dorcy, impressive though slightly decoified, retailing the famed Dorcy Decameron to an enraptured Saturday night group in Grill.

—LIBBY LEY

"The Pine Cone circulates heavily in Pebble Beach, the Highlands and Carmel Valley," says an advertisement. Evidently Mr. Overstreet's light touch did not go with the goodwill when the paper was sold.—*The Cymbal*, June 15, 1936.

Sunset School Considers Returning To Single-Term System in Classes

The reaction of parents of Carmel children who are attending Sunset School has been requested by Principal Otto W. Bardarson on the question of returning to the single-term system.

The single-term system means that children will enter the low First grade in the fall and will graduate from the high Eighth grade at the close of the spring semester in June. In other words, the child's year will follow the school year. In the past several years, because of the gradings in different schools throughout the country and the fact that newcomers to Carmel wished to place their children in the same grades in which they had previously been, without loss of time, Sunset School has been carrying both a low and a high term within each semester.

In order to find the reason for this change it is necessary to look a little farther than the eighth grade. The Monterey and Pacific Grove High Schools plan their courses to fit the school year as do most of the high schools throughout the State. Year courses in history and the sciences particularly function better and are more easily retained by the student through the short Christmas vacation than if forced to make the jump from the spring term to the fall. Social activities and class activities follow the single-term plan and the child who is thrown into a mid-term curriculum is out of step at the start. If the child's educational program is to include a college or university there is even more difficulty to encounter. Whether the college follows the quarterly system or the two-semester, the student who enters in the regular fall class has a distinct advantage over those who enter at Christmas. Having been a December graduate up until the time we entered college we know whereof we speak.

The problem which arises at Sunset School, should this plan be adopted, is the re-grading of those now in attendance who are in the odd grades, which include the Low First, Low Second, Low Third, Low Fifth, Low Sixth and Low Seventh. The Fourth and Eighth grades are not affected. Two alternatives present themselves, promotion or demotion. Demotion will not be a loss of time to the child but will give a finer background for those children who are behind the class average and will enable them, where possible, to take the rest of their school years in their stride because of the extra work on their own particular difficulties.

The re-grouping will be made on the basis of age, opinion of the teacher, achievement and intelligence tests, accomplishment in class, and social maturity. Impartiality and scientific intelligence are the aims of such a re-classification. It is a difficult problem but surely a

sensible one, and Mr. Bardarson hopes for the agreement of the parents which is essential to the success of the plan.

An Opera To End All Operas

Listening to the last broadcast of the Saturday Grand Opera series last week we heard a little story come out over the ether waves which deserves repeating on the chance that all our readers were not so fortunate as to be able to sit down for three hours and hear some grand music. During the intermission the commentator read a group of appreciative letters from all parts of the world and included among them were several from small children whose parents are bringing them up to know good music. One little lad had learned his lesson well and he was so steeped in grand opera that he contributed an original libretto. Short and sweet and here-with printed:

"The characters are Tristan and Lavinia and the King. As the curtain rises Tristan is walking in a glade playing a flute. On his arm is Lavinia who hums softly to the music. (The flute is accompanied by a piano.) From backstage comes the voice of the King calling Lavinia. Tristan tries to get away. Lavinia holds him and the King enters and draws his sword. Tristan falls dead and Lavinia falls on top of him. The End." We agree with the commentator... an opera to end all operas.

This'll Tickle Tickle. A party of our used-to-be friends recently looked over Highlands Inn as a prospective residence for a brief stay on this Circle of—(No, may the gods deliver us from that), and decided they didn't like it. They selected, instead, the Hotel del Mar, across the street from Holman's, in Pacific Grove.—*The Cymbal*, May 11, 1926.

The imitation thatched roof has become very popular but R. Clarkson Colman will have the first genuine thatched roof on his new studio on the highway beyond the intersection with Carpenter street. He traveled far into the hills last week until he found the real stuff.—*The Cymbal*, May 25, 1926.

THERE'S NO DRINK
WE CAN'T MIX...

JESS'

and none we mix
you won't like

424 Alverado Street
Elk's Building in
Uptown Monterey

Lest'er vitamins

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A REAL GOOD MEAL

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West side near Ocean

Be our guest at...

RANCHO CARMELO

"14 miles up the Valley"

LUNCHEON AND DINNER

Make reservations by telephoning 9-R-2

Building Permits in March Approach Monthly Record

The second largest building month in the records of Carmel, with a total of \$46,650, was reported for March by Birney Adams, building inspector. The only other month with a record over this is July, 1936, with a total of \$50,000. This brings the total of the first three months of 1937 up to the smashing total of \$103,024, and another July coming.

New building permits for the month which have not been already reported include:

Winifred Howe, cottage at Monte Verde and Seventh, \$4,000. M. Bain, builder.

Lucy Stebbins, alterations and additions at Mission near Thirteenth, \$1,500. M. J. Murphy, builder.

Mrs. Jennie Algar, cottage at Casanova between Eighth and Ninth, \$3,000. J. Williams, builder.

Mrs. Florence Leidig, cottage at Junipero and First, \$1,000. Day labor.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Leidig, frame and stucco commercial building at Ocean and San Carlos, \$10,000. A. C. Stoney, builder.

Mrs. M. Chamberlin, remodel and additions at Carpenter, between Second and Third, \$1,000. Day labor.

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MISSION CLUB HOST SUNDAY AT BUFFET SUPPER

The Mission Ranch Club, new center of attraction for Carmel residents and out-of-towners, entertained last Sunday with a cold buffet luncheon in the dance pavilion. Guests and members wandered through the grounds, inspecting the new badminton courts, which are rapidly coming to completion, and pointing out the site of the swimming pool and nodding over the excellence of the tennis courts.

Among those entertaining parties at the opening were Herman Crossman, Willis Walker, with a party of ten; Mrs. Adolph Hanke, Mrs. DeWitt Blamer, Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Dr. and Mrs. Cabot Brown of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill Peters, whose party included Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Mrs. Stetson Winslow; Jim Thoburn and Don Clappett. Lew Tevis, brother of the club's managing director, Lloyd, entertained several members of the polo crowd.

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ANOTHER HOUSE TO START IN MISSION TRACT

Laura Maxwell will soon break ground for a one-story cottage to be erected on property she recently purchased at Franciscan Way and Mission Street in the new Mission tract. The house will be small, with two bedrooms. Mrs. Maxwell is building mainly to protect her view when she erects a studio home for herself on the lots behind it at Santa Lucia and Mission. The property was purchased through the Carmel Realty Company.

M. J. Murphy Company has started construction of a new pipe line to serve the first addition to the Mission Tract, recently put on the market.

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At the recent banquet of the Family Club of San Francisco at the club's grove near Palo Alto one of the guests found himself seated between Albert Hertz, leader of the San Francisco Symphony orchestra, and our own, Rem Remsen. "I was afraid of fire when I came in here," he said, "and here I am wedged in between the two Underbrush brothers."—The Cymbal, June 8, 1926.

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Among the interesting visitors the past week was Betty Fox Brooke of Palo Alto, an attractive Boston girl who was spending Easter week at Del Monte with her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Neville Brooke. Miss Brooke is a frequent visitor here (and does not wear shorts).

+

Friends of Sandy Monroe will be glad to hear that he is recovering from his accident and has returned home from the hospital. The little fellow was run over by an automobile and had five vertebrae broken. The father of the young Monroes for a time was selling Sandy short but Bill and John had faith in the long pull and now are delighted that Sandy is home again. They claim that though he is half springer spaniel and half setter, "He is only best of each."

+

True to the Hollywood tradition of lovely and ageless ladies is the charming Titian-haired Dinny Abbott, an Easter visitor. Dinny, who is a King Charles spaniel, is three years old, according to her little mistress, Peggy Abbott, but "she doesn't look a day over 18 months." The petite Hollywood beauty (incidentally she sleeps in a doll crib) would not disclose her beauty secret, however.

+

Something new in hunting dogs is Ophelia Ferguson, a Great Dane. Her master, Lieutenant Robert Ferguson of the Monterey Presidio, is training her. Though she is still quite young, she is going to be a big girl and Lieutenant Ferguson believes that if she keeps growing at her present rate he can dispense with his horse for hunting and use Ophelia.

+

Pal wants to take this opportunity to thank the kind and thoughtful lady who, when she saw him rolling on the sidewalk and vainly trying to scratch some elusive fleas, dashed out and sprinkled him generously with her powder. Pal says he hasn't felt the same since.

+

COMMENT:

(From "The Lost Pup")

O, the saddest of sights in a world of sin,
Is a little lost pup with his tail tucked in.
Well, he won my heart: (for I set great store
By my own red Bute—who is here no more).
So I whistled clear, and he trotted up,
And who was so glad as that small lost pup?
Now he shares my board, and he owns my bed,
And he fairly shouts when he hears my tread.
Then if things go wrong, as they sometimes do,
And the world is cold and I'm feeling blue,
He asserts his rights to assuage my woes
With a warm red tongue and a nice cold nose.
And a silky head on my arm or knee
And a paw as soft as a paw can be.
—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Tree Enthusiasts Get More Glow In South

Dr. D. T. MacDougal, director of the Carnegie Coastal Laboratory here and who mildly claims to know something about trees and other growing things, and Mayor Everett Smith who is undressing the cypresses down on San Antonio street and on Scenic Drive, returned from Santa Barbara the past week all aglow about the success of the Fourth Western Shade Tree Conference they attended down there. That is, as aglow as the doctor and the mayor can get.

Incidentally, one of the big shots of the conference was our own Dr. MacDougal, but he sluffs over the item of his own paper on "Growth Promoting Substances in the Seasonal Activity of Trees" in going over the program with us and pointing out the highlights.

The highlights he pointed out were the luncheon meeting at Santa Barbara's historic El Paseo when the subject of discussion was "Shade Trees on Business Streets and Traffic Arteries", the paper of W. C. Penfield, engineer on the Santa Barbara County Planning Commission, on "Roadside Development Through Cooperative Action", the dinner meetings when "A Comprehensive Street Plan for a Small Community" was discussed by various groups, and the paper of Gilbert L. Skutt, superintendent of parks of Los Angeles, on "Tree Problems of City Parks".

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ANOTHER HOME THREATENS ON ROCKS AT THE POINT

It looks like another home on The Point, between Scenic Drive and the sea. Dr. Max Smith of Wallace, Idaho, has bought the block with 300-foot frontage on Scenic, across the road and just in front of the Robinson Jeffers and Joseph Schoeninger homes. He plans to retire from active medical practice shortly and build a permanent home on the newly-purchased property for himself and Mrs. Smith.

The property was sold by Corum Jackson of the Carmel Realty Company for Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker. The price was not announced, but it is believed that it was in the neighborhood of \$15,000.

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NOTE OF THANKS

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to testify that Bill McAdams—yes, that Bill—was in our employ from 3 o'clock until after 8 one morning last week, and for his diligence, efficiency and fine upstanding tenor (or what have you), we have only the highest commendation. If you want a batch of papers addressed, folded and stacked; if your Dexter folder snaps its belly band; if you like the one about "the reprehensible way in which they (the Eli's) manipulate the oars" boomed out to stay your weariness at dawn; if you want some good hard manual labor done; we give you Bill. Or—hold—maybe not. Maybe we'll keep him ourselves.

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A Few Simple Words About a Dog, Cat And Little Kenneth Martin Goold

All right! She says the dog was named Rio because that's Spanish for the fact that it required some time to get house-broken. Then the cat came, and they named her Rita. We get it so far.

But she says further, that since 1932 Rita has had kittens every Easter and every Fourth of July—except this time, when she missed Easter by a day. (But that may have been the moon, or something.) Rita, therefore, is not only an American but (not counting this year) a good, believing Christian, as far as theology is concerned, (not counting morals).

But she says further:

(This is Marion Sanchez who is saying all this, and we like her, like to ring the cowbell when she isn't at the Carmel Cleaners' counter where she ought to be, where she generally most affably is.)

She says further:

That little Kenneth Goold, Jr.

SUNSET SCHOOL NOTES

Principal O. W. Bardarson of Sunset and Arthur Hull, eighth grade teacher, leave tomorrow for King City where they will attend the Central Coast Counties Convention of the California Teachers' Association.

Miss Blanche Heniger, domestic science teacher, was painfully injured in an automobile accident at Bakersfield recently. She is confined to Bakersfield Hospital, but it is reported that she is recovering rapidly.

At the general assembly Wednesday morning, Frederick Fischer gave a patriotic address with colored slides. The talk was sponsored by the State department of education. The slides were of scenic wonders in the United States.

The first baseball game of the season will be played this afternoon on the Sunset diamond. The opponents of the local boys are from the Pacific Grove grammar school. The tentative Sunset line-up includes O. Jones, D. Vilapando, J. Leidig, G. DeAmaral, G. Gansel, J. Parker, W. Coffin, W. Garguilo, D. Berry, G. Goefler, B. Gansel, R. Haller and E. Ricketts.

All grades at the school are busy getting ready for Public School Week, April 26 to 30. Don't put anything on your calendar for the night of April 27 as that is the big Open House for parents and friends.

(who is her nephew) is the only great-grandchild on his mother's side and—listen—he was born on March 4, which is his great-grandfather Henry Martin's birthday date.

And, now—

That her (Marion's) daughter, Joane Sanchez, is the only great-granddaughter of her great-grandmother, Mrs. Henry Martin, and that she was born on February 28, which is also Mrs. Henry Martin's birthday date.

If you have followed us so far, we will go on with Marion's story.

She, Marion, and Amy (Mrs. Kenneth Goold, Jr.) and Christine Jaehne were, or are, sisters. Marion was born of a Monday, Christine of a Tuesday and Amy of a Wednesday. Now reverse the order and (according to Marion) Amy was born in June, Christine in July and Marion in August.

Yes, we feel a little dizzy, too, and if you've gone this far with us, 'tis enough.

Oh yes—Both great-grandparents in this story are living.

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MONTEREY

Frank Hefling Meets Up With a Young Persian in the Whatnot Shop

Among the apparent myriads of Stanford students who descended upon Carmel last week was one M. Shokouh, studying economics at the university of Palo Alto. It was at the Whatnot Shop, among the various articles of early American craftsmanship, that M. Shokouh met up with our own Frank Hefling, or our own Frank met up with M. Shokouh. And Frank learned many things that he didn't know or, perhaps, he had forgotten.

He discovered that Shokouh is registered at Stanford as from Teheran which happens to be the capital city of Persia; that he is in America with the approval and assistance of the Persian government, and that on his graduation he will return to his native country to assist his government through what knowledge he has gained in America generally and in an American university in particular. He speaks English well and is alert to everything he sees and hears.

From Shokouh, Hefling learned that the present Shah of Persia is extremely popular with his people because he has chosen to be a modern and, further, a futurist in his

ideas and plans for his country. A man of humble origin, contrary to the general system for monarchs, and self-made according to our interpretation of the term, he started his career as a soldier and advanced to a high officer's position through his ability. In 1925, when the government was overthrown by a coup d'etat, the present shah was made commander of the army and then minister of war. The appointment as ruler was made provisionally and then permanently, his line established as heirs to the throne. He has a son 18 years of age who will rule when he dies or may be elevated to the throne by his father when he is 20 years old.

Under the shah railroads are being built, factories erected and an American expedition is being permitted to conduct excavations at ancient Persepolis where documents are being unearthed, showing the trend of civilization thousands of years ago.

After a long session with Shokouh, Frank Hefling decided that he had gotten more out of last week's visitors than most Carmel people did.

All Carmel Went To See Trudi

Practically all Carmel saw Trudi Schoop and her elegant ballet last Saturday night and those who were sitting home minding their knitting have been feeling badly about it ever since. It wouldn't have done them any good to have come at the last minute (we warned you in the last issue), because the house was sold out and enough people sitting on the stairs and standing at the back of the aisles to keep the firemen busy running around and telling everybody to "make a passage-way".

The first ten minutes of the performance the audience gave a few little breezy titters and half-suppressed giggles. Then came a few wild snorts, a couple of shrieks and they were off. And on through to the last, wildly-applauded curtain Carmel laughed and laughed and laughed.

The story of "Blonde Marie", the little maid who dreamed of success, was trite enough but the shoulders and hands and feet of Miss Schoop told volumes. Clumsiness and grace, joy and pathos, boredom and fine romantic love all came out of that small tow-headed figure as she portrayed all the realities of life. The other members of the ballet caricatured the superficialities of the world of society and art. Edith Carola, a tall long-legged comedian with a touch of Charlotte Greenwood in her, jangled and pushed that slim body of hers through some of the most amazing and amusing contortions and just about evened honors with Miss Schoop.

Scene eight, "The Picture Exhibition", has so many Carmel counterparts, or perhaps you have never sat in a corner and watched folks at an Art Gallery. If you doubt the word of the reviewer ask either Ethel Warren or Amilie Waldo. Another spot which practically cracked the rib cavity was in the scene at the tavern in which two fakirs took off modern dancing from Wigman to Shan Kar, not to mention the hoochy-cooch. And then there was the musical comedy to end all musical comedies, and the hairdressing establishment. In fact, there was Blonde Marie and there was swell entertainment.

—V.S.

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FILMARTE DOUBLES ITS BILL; REDUCES ITS PRICES

With the opening tonight of Walter Huston in "American Madness", and Richard Arlen in "Calling of Dan Mathews", the Filmarte offers two outstanding films, each program at the reduced prices of 30 cents, and 40 cents for loges. From now until summer, the Filmarte will regularly double up the quality cinema and charge you less for it.

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday plays Katherine Hepburn's first and greatest picture, "Bill of Divorcement", in which she co-stars with John Barrymore. Also, on the same bill will be Irene Dunn and Joel McCrea in "The Silver Cord".

TELEPHONE CARMEL 167

Rentals • Sales

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Firemen Plan For Changing Home

That fire siren last night, calling the members of the Volunteer Department to their weekly meeting—did you notice anything different, anything prideful, perhaps, in its tone, or did it sound just as shrieking and unpleasant and foreboding as usual?

Whether it sounded different or not, it felt different. It lifted, or whirled, or shivered its shriek from a new setting. It is now on our new fire house. It was moved Wednesday.

It called the volunteers to a meeting the principal businesses of which were the election of officers for the year and the discussion of plans for the formal opening of the new fire house.

The officers will probably remain the same (the election was too late for our recording officially) as for Fred Mylar, chairman, and Jimmie Williams, treasurer, but a new secretary was to be elected in the person of Jack Jordan.

The plans for the opening of the new firehouse put the date at April 15 with an open house for public inspection on April 17, a Saturday.

Some of the members of the local department are planning to attend the barbecue of the Tri-Counties Firemen's Association at Salinas this evening.

Also Chief Robert Leidig, Assistant Chief Paul Funchess and Captain Paul Mercurio are expected to attend the Arizona State Firemen's Association meetings at Kingman, Arizona, April 21, 22 and 23. The invitation was extended to Chief Leidig when he stopped off at Kingman two weeks ago on his return from visiting his son, Martin, at Yuma.

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There's a new word out, coined by Henshaw Ward in a book called "Thobbing". You thob, it seems, when you form a pleasant opinion which you believe regardless of facts. Cymbaline asks how about "grobbling"? A portmanteau word, a quick and Cymbal (!) way of saying "grouching" and "crabbing" together! She remarked that it was suggested by the Editor's mood yesterday in the last stages of getting out THE CYMBAL. We're not sure whether she was really thobbing, however.—The Cymbal, May 18, 1926.

Classified Ads.

REAL ESTATE

SAN ANTONIO HOME—A fine home with a wonderful view offered at a sacrifice price for quick sale. Is fully furnished and ready to move into. Contains living room, dining room, kitchen, 3 bedrooms with (1 shower and 1 tub) 2 baths, servants rooms with shower, one-car garage. Central heat. Patio. Lot 50 X 100. Could not be duplicated today for the price. See Corum Jackson, Carmel Realty Company, Ocean avenue. Phone 66.

FOR SALE—Two-bedroom house with five lots. Forty large trees. About three blocks from center of town. A good buy. Apply Fourth and Torres streets, Carmel. 1m

CARMEL WOODS LOT—99 X 115. In fine location with fine trees, both pines and oaks. Owner offers for \$850 for immediate sale. Nothing to compare with this site for the price. Carmel Realty Company, Ocean ave. Phone 66.

MISSION TRACT LOTS—Average 60 X 100 feet each. Streets, 60 feet wide. Water, gas, electricity to the property line. Zoned for one family dwellings to each lot. Wonderful views. Prices \$1500 and up with easy monthly terms. Carmel Realty Company, Ocean ave. Tel. 66.

FOR RENT—House in Carmel Woods. Unobstructed view of Point Lobos and ocean. Four bedrooms, two baths. Double garage. Available April 8. Apply Fourth and Torres, Carmel.

MISCELLANEOUS

LOST—Kodak at Midway Point on 17-Mile Drive, Monday. Return to the Shell Service Station, San Carlos and 7th, Carmel. Reward.

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INTERESTING THINGS

PEOPLE WRITE IN

WE GET THE POINT

Dear Cymbal:

Forty-seven toes toasted in front of a fire the other night and the moot question of Carmel architecture again raised its prone-to-beugly head. Gingerbread houses of the fairy tale type (praise the Lord not the Pacific Grove variety) no offense, we love to count the cupolas on the ship-lap Gothic of Pacific Grove. There were 17 on the front of the house they just recently tore down kitty-cornered from Holman's.) Where were we? Oh, yes, back in Hansel and Gretel land where the houses drooped with icing and had rock-candy windows which no one looked out of as there was nothing to see. But what are these little houses doing in Carmel where there is so much to see? And then, rolling our toes a trifle to the left, we talked about the modern house in its Carmel exemplifications. Where do they belong in the scheme of things? Mostly in a good, hot, dry desert, Morocco, for instance, or in the French Riviera. And then the Irish castles and Normandy and New England cottages!

So we hit on the most marvelous idea that some day a just Gini ordain that everything should go back to its original place and with a wave of a wand Carmel would become de-housed.

At that moment we were back in the good old days of the Digger Indians and coming over the hill were the early padres to build bricks out of native soil and make Spanish houses. Undone, undone, sadly we curled our toes and realized that Carmel is made up of a number of things including the Scandinavian.

—Virginia

CARMEL, STAY THE SAME

Editor, The Cymbal:

I note that it is proposed to repaint the Carmel street signs. I certainly hope that if this is done, the present spelling will be retained. I know of one case where the street name is spelled in three different ways. I will not designate these as I don't want them changed. Let us by all means retain the original charm of Carmel.

—Francis E. Lloyd

MRS. FIELD'S BATH ROOM IN CASA BLANCA GADGET

Remember the old stereoscope with the views of Niagara Falls "so clear you can almost feel the spray" and the old Chicago World's Fair pictures? Mrs. Frances Elkins of the Casa Blanca has a fascinating variation on the old parlor trick. Seat yourself in a comfortable chair, turn on a convenient light, drop a card in the slot, put your eyes up to the goggles and presto! you are right in Mrs. Marshall Fields' bathroom. It is tempting to leave you there but the many other rooms which Mrs. Elkins has decorated in different parts of the country will lure you on and keep you interested and excited for a good half hour without you ever knowing where the time has gone. Mrs. Weil says the only thing you must do is return the cards to their proper boxes.

The Casa Blanca also has several rooms of beautiful antiques and decorative objects and a collection of drapery and upholstery fabrics

that make you want to scrap every piece of material in your house and start out wildly and gloriously anew.

The display rooms are located in the lower floor of the old Robert Louis Stevenson House in Monterey, but don't ask Mrs. Weil about Stevenson. She's much too busy.

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THE TOUR IN BEAUTY QUEST

(Carmel Cymbal, Aug. 10, 1926)
O yes, we've seen your pines and things;

Road you call the path of kings;
Ridden up and down your streets;
Breathed the fog that comes in sheets;
Looked in all your funny shops;
Seen your latest painting crops;
Marveled at the poets and dogs;
Laughed at all the Carmel togs.
Everything and all—but listen:
WHERE WAS I? Aimee did her missin?
—W. K. B.

Personalities & Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McBoyle Lewis of Millbrae have been visiting Gwen Stearns. Mrs. Lewis is well known in Carmel as Frances Wright.

Arthur Murphy of San Francisco is sketching on the Peninsula this week. He is well known in San Francisco art circles for his large panels and for his lithographs, some of which were reproduced in the Sunday rotogravure section of the San Francisco Chronicle a few weeks ago.

Maja Albee has been wandering the streets and paths of Carmel for the last week getting a bit of fresh air before she returns to her home in San Francisco where she is engaged in doing a large tapestry for the government. She is staying at the Albee home, Aquajito.

The home of Mrs. George Adrian Applegarth on Carmelo near Santa Lucia was the scene of many gay gatherings during the spring vacation. Mrs. Applegarth motored down from San Francisco with her three children, Laura Bride, named after her grandmother, Mrs. Laura Bride Powers, of Monterey; Adrienne and Jerry, and three of their special friends. On Saturday they were joined by Mr. Applegarth and another brother, Allan, who is a student at Berkeley.

Miss Jacqueline Flanders, niece of Paul Flanders of Hatton Fields, terminated her visit to Carmel last Sunday when she left for Fort Riley, Kansas, to meet her fiancé, Lieutenant William Whitfield Culp. Mrs. Edward A. Flanders, mother of the bride-to-be, is accompanying her daughter on the trip. The couple will be married in Stanford Chapel on June 24.

Reckless driving and speeding were the two charges brought against William D. Ireland of Scotland and John Thomas Oleari in Monday's court session before Judge George P. Ross. Ireland was fined \$100 and Oleari had his operator's license suspended for 60 days. Judge Ross warned the court that reckless driving would be severely and immediately punished during the crowded summer months in Carmel.

Mrs. Asa H. Gedding of Briarcliff, New York, was stricken with a heart attack last Saturday while walking on Ocean avenue. She was taken to the Community Hospital and died there shortly after. Her nephew came from Riverside to take charge of the funeral arrangements.

A tea table set in their quaint provincial kitchen, was the starting place for an Easter afternoon gathering in the home of Captain and Mrs. DeWitt Blamer on Carmel Point. About fifty of their friends dropped in for a cup and a chin during the late afternoon. Mrs. Edward Walton poured and was assisted by Mrs. Edward Seely-Smith, Mrs. Pierson Menoher, Abbie Lou Bosworth and Audrey Walton.

A neighborhood tea was the occasion for presenting Mrs. John Lavender of Dyer, Nevada, to the friends of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Adams Huffer, of Carmel. Mrs. Lavender

plans to visit with the Huffers for a short time.

Carmel is going to have to start taking the Reno papers if it wants to keep track of what's going on this spring. Latest we've heard of is the marriage of Robert Clappett of San Francisco to Mrs. Margaret Carroll Smith of New York. Mrs. Robert Clappett of Carmel drove to Reno with her sister, Mrs. Edmund Dexter, for her son's wedding. The bridegroom is brother to Connie Clappett Bell, Carmel's pride and joy, and to Reginald, Paul and Don Clappett.

Before returning to their temporary home at the Fairmont Hotel the couple will spend several weeks in Mexico.

House guests of Virginia Hale last week were Charles Cushing of the University of California music department and Cornelia Adams, daughter of Professor Adams of the philosophy department.

Colonel and Mrs. C. E. Hathaway have enlarged their family by three in their home on San Antonio street. Lieutenant and Mrs. Lowman Hathaway and daughter, Anne, are visiting with their parents en route to the Philippines from their last station at Fort Bliss, Texas. They will be stationed in the Islands for the next two years.

Mrs. F. W. Ten Winkel of Carmel presented her cousin, Mrs. Gordan Gauld, of Crawfordsville, Indiana, to her friends at a bridge tea last Monday at Del Monte Lodge.

The Kent Clarks came back from Mexico this week after a two-months' journey. They say it's like one of our best Carmel days down in Mexico—now that April's there. From the reception we saw Mrs. Ira Miller give them on the steps of Pine Inn on Wednesday, the weather is fine for them here, too.

Mrs. Ray N. Gross and her sister, Mrs. Church, have moved over the Hill from Pacific Grove and have established their residence at La Playa Hotel. Nancy, daughter of Mrs. Gross, has gone to the desert for a month and will return here for a short time before leaving on a trip to Europe.

Sally Fry, looking beautiful but chastened, admitted she fell in love while in Panama—with the whole Canal Zone. It seems she went hither and yon without let or hindrance, taking in whole regiments in wide swaths. The principal industry? she repeated musingly. Oh—brass buttons, Planter's Punch and words—words of a refined gentleness in women's ears. Retrospectively, she glowed.

Major and Mrs. Ralph A. Coote sailed yesterday for China on the N. Y. K. liner, *Asama Maru*. They will be gone for about three months. Could it have been our Pon Chung number that started them off? THE CYMBAL will reach them at the United States Embassy at Peiping.

"What is a Carmelite?" Off-hand, we can think of two answers: "A Carmelite is one who knows when the Marshal is at lunch and it's safe to violate the traffic laws" and "A Carmelite is one who can give a stranger adequate directions for finding any house south of Eighth avenue and north of Fourth—on a dark night." What's your notion of a Carmelite?—THE CYMBAL, June 1, 1936.

Women Voters Discuss Methods For Bettering Household Employment

The Economic Status of Household Employment was the topic of an all-day discussion by the League of Women Voters at the home of Mrs. Guy Curtis in Monterey on Wednesday.

In accordance with the policy of the League, several of the members gave short talks to point up the general conversation. Mrs. Ross Miller spoke vitally on the need for better understanding of the problem by employers themselves, for personal sympathy with the employed and such a code of behavior towards those who constitute one's household as to preserve dignity all around.

Other speakers dwelt on the psychological problems that are involved—problems of hours and station in society. It was pointed out that, locally, women otherwise eligible for employment in the home, preferred the definite working hours and handier cash payment earned in the lettuce sheds. The reprehensible attitude of employers who, taking advantage of shortage of employment, have expected to get trained workers for practically no pay, outside board and lodging, was discussed.

Efforts to put household employ-

ment on a better basis than now exists—to establish decent wages, shorter hours, higher standards of work and of living encouraged by these improvements in conditions—is one of the League's regular subjects for study.

Careful attention was given to the proposal of Mrs. Martina Tait, WPA superintendent of Women and Professions, that a school for the training of those interested in qualifying as experts in home management and household employment be established on the Peninsula. This is one of Mrs. Roosevelt's pets, and, it was felt, a worthy one.

The question is under the Department of Government and Economic Welfare, directed ably by Miss Lydia Weld.

The charm and hospitality of Mrs. Curtis and her home were appreciated.

A dinner meeting on the subject of Health Insurance will be announced shortly. The California Medical Association will be meeting at Hotel Del Monte the week of May 2 and the League will take advantage of the doctors—or the doctors of the League—to give us an evening with this much-discussed question.

GOOD HOT BISCUITS HERE TO STAY, WE HOPE

"Dine with Ella at Ella's Southern Kitchen" reads the card that we have been carrying in our pocket since that rainy afternoon this last week when we were so kindly admitted after hours for a cup of tea, a salad and some hot biscuits and honey. But what we have carried in our pocket is nothing to the song in our heart and the cry on our lips that real hot biscuits and southern cooking have come to Carmel. And from the looks of the lovely flowers and the smile on Mrs. Alston's face when she told us of the dinner parties which have been held there this last week and are being planned for the future, we think that hot biscuits are here to stay. That is if they do not fly straight to heaven before any of us sinful mortals can hold them down with a pat of butter and a spoonful of delicious honey.

Mrs. Ella Alston came to Carmel from Kansas City many years ago and has taken charge of some of the most famous private kitchens on the Peninsula. In her shop, she and her girls and her partner, E. W. Fischer, wear costumes of the old southern colored kitchens. Mr. Fischer, who was paring a peck of apples in the kitchen yesterday morning when we came in to talk, agrees with us that a glass of water and a soda cracker served by Mrs. Alston with her lovely soft voice and happy personality would be enough, but oh those hot biscuits!

"The news of Dr. D. T. MacDougal's artificial cell has spread to all parts of the world, and mention of it has been made in widely varied types of publications, even including facetious comment in the pages of *Life* and other humorous magazines."—THE CYMBAL, July 20, 1926.

"Mr. Irving Brant, in an article on our lovely village, states that 'as the material of a shell is distilled into a pear, so is the beauty of the Pacific Coast distilled into the Bay of Carmel.' One might hazard the remark that the labor of the shell bore fruit."—THE CYMBAL, June 22, 1926.

Culbertson Art May Be Bought For the City

Carmel is at last making a concerted effort to purchase for one of its public buildings a painting by one of its most beloved and oldest artists. Last week a group of Miss Josephine Culbertson's friends arranged an exhibit and sale of her oils and water colors in the show room of the Carmel Garage. A large oil painting of "Grey Gables' Garden" was chosen by a committee of artists as one of the finest representations of her work and therefore the one Carmel should own. By means of subscriptions which are being received at Staniford's Drug Store, temporarily located in Weaver's Market, this fine tribute to Carmel's lovely old lady and her memorable garden will be accomplished. Subscription lists will be open for the next two weeks.

The many compliments and good sales made at the exhibition attested to Miss Culbertson's ability as a painter in both oils and watercolors. Her range of subjects from all over the world excited comment and many out-of-town visitors as well as Carmel residents now have permanent records in their homes of her many painting hours.

Doc. Staniford, Jack Murphy, Ben Wetzel, Mike Murphy and, finally, his own father, Bill Froli.

YOUNG BILL FROLI PICTURES OUR BEST PEOPLE AT PLAY

This young Bill Froli person is doing himself proud with the aid of a pencil or two and a few sheets of paper. He is constantly demonstrating his genius as a cartoonist, caricaturist and commercial artist. His most recent effusion along one or the other of these lines is the map he has drawn to assist members of the Manzanita Club and their friends to find their way this Sunday afternoon to Rancho Murphio up the Valley off the Laureles road.

Young Bill, who signs his drawings "Top" Froli, not content with drawing the map, has decorated it with a wide fringe of Carmel's notables in various poses and attitudes of business and pleasure which easily identify them. Among those he has glorified or damned in this manner are Louis Levinson, Carl Rohr, Earl Graft, Louis Slevin, Paul Mercurio, Bob Leidig, Byron Newell, Charlie Van Ryper, Paul Flanders, Delos Curtis, Ad. Hanke, Charlie Berkey, Fred Leidig, Doc. Gray,

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